

MARVEL®  
6th July 91

# THE REAL

# GHOSSTBUSTERS™

NO160 55p

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There's something strange brewing in the latest issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic, and there's mystical mayhem on the menu for Janine Melnitz and Ray Stantz too, when they find a witch in the kitchen in **Cooking Up Trouble!**

Busting ghosts is as easy as child's play when **The Time Twister** takes our heroes back to their youth in our first exciting adventure, **Twist In Time!** But there's no time for kidding around when the clock-faced creep is wreaking chronological chaos and hourly havoc.

Then, if you've got time to spare, welcome to the sixth and final terrifying instalment of **The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea!** The Counter Clock Criminals finally get their come-uppance and not before time!

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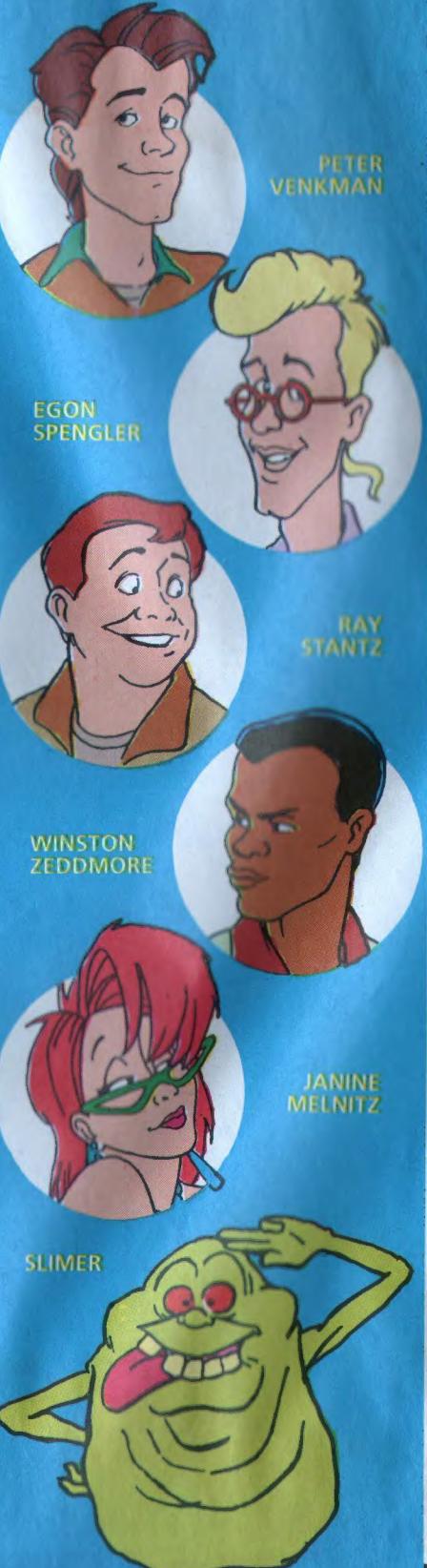
Cover by STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS  
Editor STUART BARTLETT Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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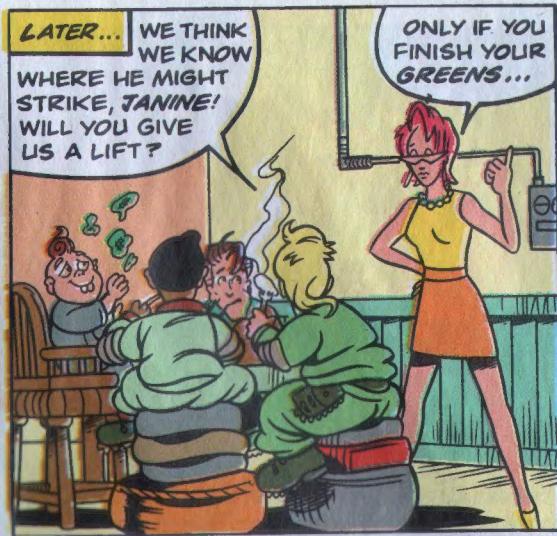
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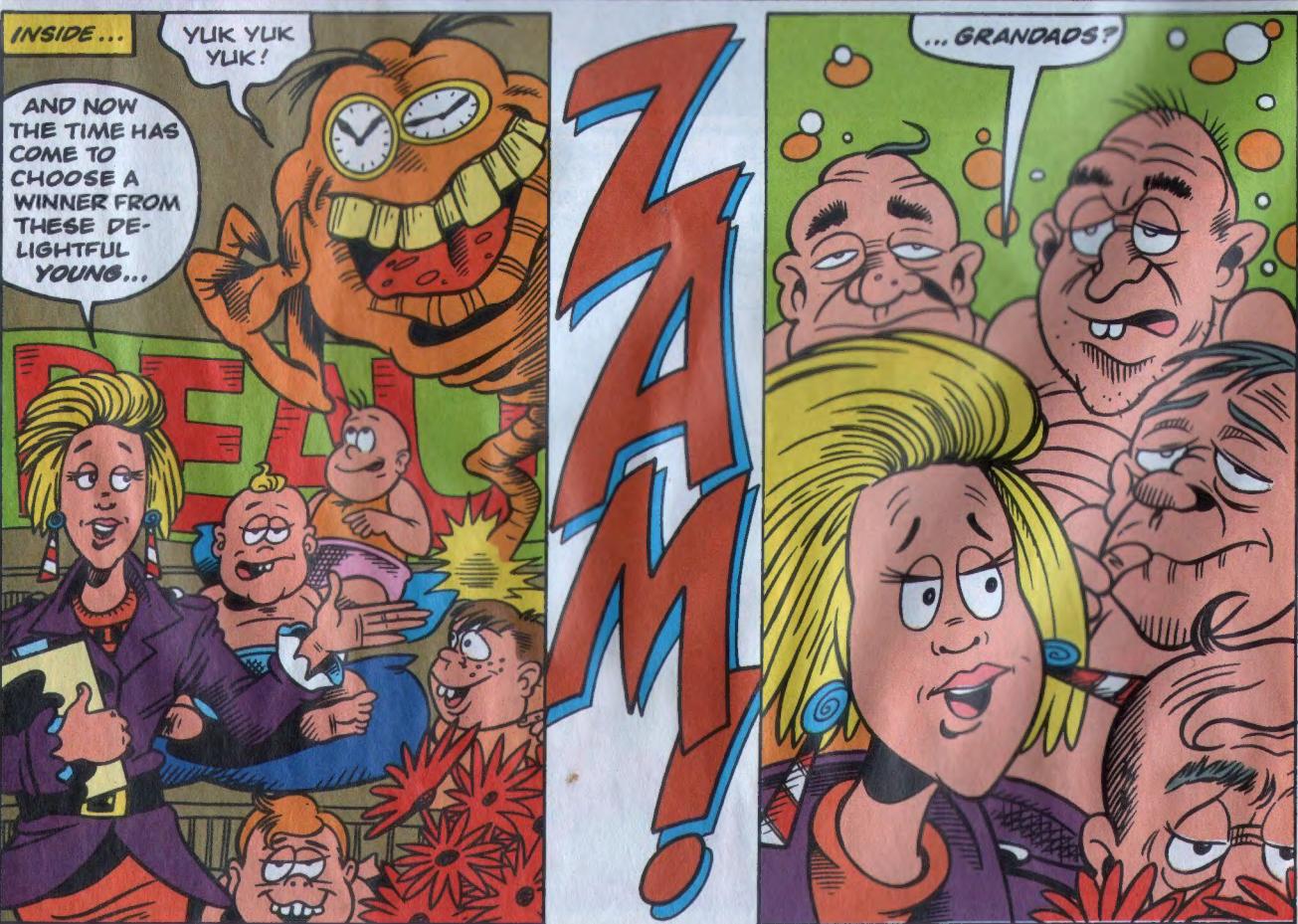


# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











**FOR PAGES OF FUN IN THE SUN...**

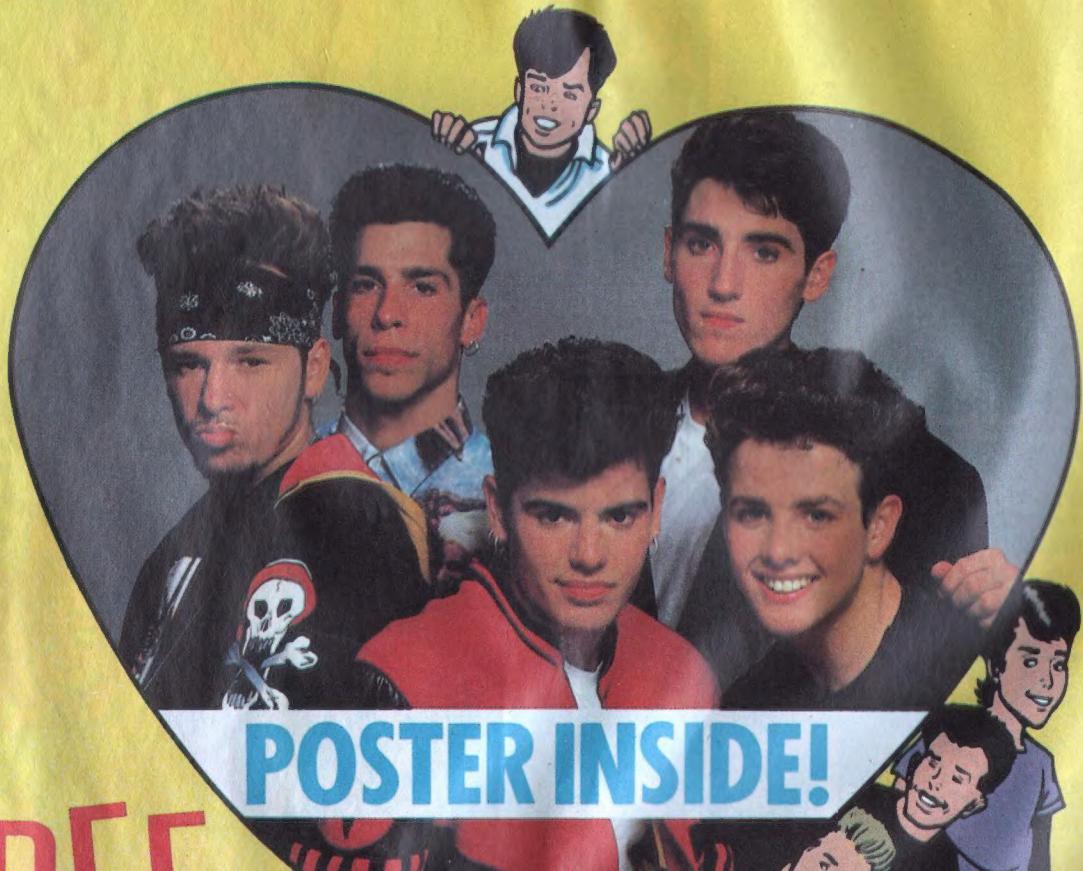
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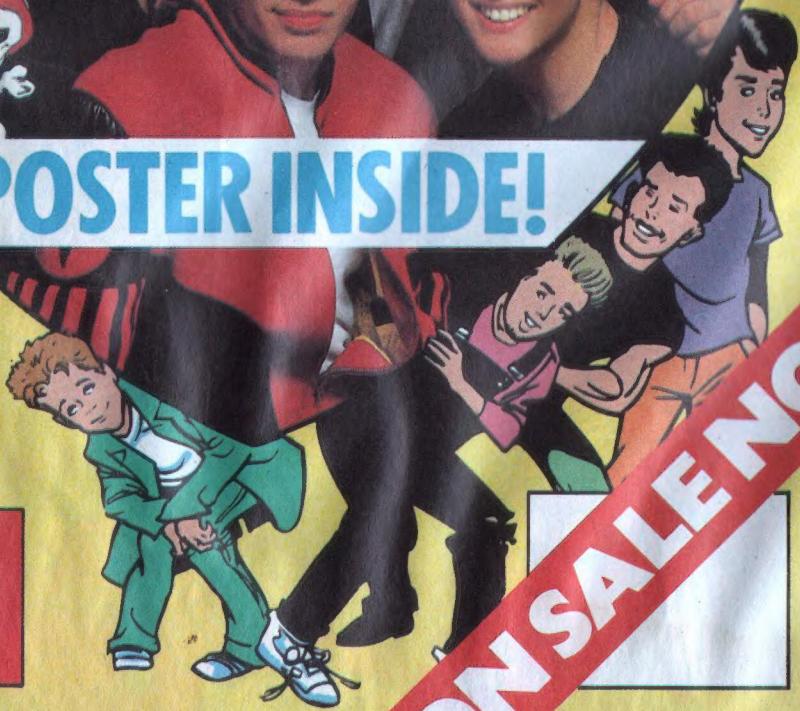
# NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK™

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# SPENGER'S SPIRIT GUIDE

Look in any of the magic spell books and occult encyclopaedias that exist in the libraries of the world and you'll find plenty of strange and bizarre recipes. Actually, I ought to rephrase that. Look in any of the magic spell books and occult encyclopaedias that exist in libraries around the world and you'll be lucky not to burn your nose off, lose your marbles or turn into a chicken. Magic spell books are fearfully powerful things that can cause you serious damage even if you're only in the same room as them. I recommend you only approach one with a pair of tongs, a mirror and an oven mitt.

Back to the point. You'd be astonished at the lengths some magicians go to in mixing up their potions, just to cast a simple magic spell. High Mage Gondolphus of the City State of Penententia, in the late sixteenth century, spent nine hours finishing the flakey pastry topping on a batch of eternity potions ordered by the Prefect of Penententia for himself and his court. When Gondolphus finally delivered them, the Prefect was heard to remark 'What were you doing, trying them out?'

Sybeline, the caustic cack-



## PART 160

ling witch of Imboss in the Greek Islands, was reputed to have spent more of her time in the kitchen preparing spell recipes than she did unleashing them. Amongst her most notable successes were a Braised Fillet of Eternal Pestilence, with lightly dressed damnation, served on a bed of wild rice and even wilder bladderwort salad; or Hideousness a la Provencale, with withered fig and wilted plum sauce and an assortment of seasonal ailments; and not forgetting the award winning Curse au Vin, with steamed savoury torments, sauteed burdens and a dash of vengeance in a bowl of brambles.

The ancient Erudlians took

this gourmet spelling very seriously, and actually produced a guide book for some years in which the various possibilities were graded and reviewed. *The Witch Guide To Magic Cuisine in Erudlia and Surrounding Regions* was a best seller amongst the trading nations, and was an invaluable resource for the merchant far from home, who wanted to know where he could get a bite and how much it would hurt.

The best gourmet magician of modern times was Maurice of the Petite Wart Saison in Little Slammer Street, London, who is said to be able to concoct any recipe on request. Maurice has access to the most amazing set of ingredients, and it is said his restaurant pantry is packed with pots of dried newts, bat wings, dragon's eggs, basilisk blood, grated aardvark claw, condensed ether, sliced yeti dung and smoked cigars. Maurice, when I met him, said he does like to get some things fresh each day. A delicate sorbet made from the hair clippings of a werewolf was only any good when freshly made and couldn't be stored on the premises. I didn't ask him about his catering suppliers.

# COOKING UP TROUBLE!



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

## When Janine and Ray get together for a meal, it can only be a recipe for disaster!

Just down the street from The Real Ghostbusters' HQ on Manhattan Island, New York, is a small café, owned by Giuseppe Piranello. Real Ghostbuster Peter Venkman can often be found there, especially after Slimer has raided the HQ fridge for the third time in one day! The cafe is very popular with the Ghostbusters because the food is served quickly. When you can be called on to bust a sixty foot tall, animated and savage gorgonzola cheese at any moment, you need most of your meals in a hurry!

It is not the place to go for a romantic candlelit dinner for two, since it is also popular with truck drivers, delivery men and the local police, whose precinct house is nearby. Most of the time it's very noisy, Giuseppe is run off his feet with orders and the radio is played very loud to drown out any bad language. The Ghostbusters' receptionist, Janine Melnitz, doesn't like the place for those reasons so she was very reluctant to pay it a visit – but Ray Stantz insisted!

"Come on, give it a try, Janine," pleaded the cheerful Ghostbuster. "The 'phones are quiet, the other Ghostbusters are upstate and I hate eating alone."

"But it's so noisy in there, Ray," Janine protested.

Ray's eyes looked almost mournful. "Please?" he asked again. "Even Slimer's sleeping off a three hour raid on the local Pizzeria. How could it possibly hurt?"

Janine sniffed, thinking that this one act would almost certainly lead to something that would more than hurt. After all, she was going for lunch with a Real Ghostbuster, right? Even if that Ghostbuster was one of her best friends and she'd known him for years, that didn't mean going to lunch with him would be safe. Last time Egon took her for a meal, the restaurant had turned into a giant mushroom!

Picking up her handbag, Janine gestured to the door. "Come on then," she snapped. "But let's make this fast. I don't want some weird wonder of the spirit

world calling on me while I'm trying to eat a hamburger and fries."

"I promise they won't," said Ray, smiling again. How wrong he was!



The first thing Janine noticed was how unusually quiet and empty the cafe was. In one corner was a man in a huge overcoat, hunched over what looked like a milk shake. Looking out of the window was a pale-faced, sad-looking woman, who turned to Janine as they entered. "I'm waiting for a cheeseburger with fries to go," she whispered, her eyes looking tired.

"Been waiting long?" asked Janine as Ray sat down at a table in the centre of the café. At least the food *smelt* good, Janine thought. Wasn't that the aroma of spaghetti bolognese with just a hint of parmesan cheese?

"I can't remember," the pale woman replied. "But I think I came in here on Thursday."

"But today's Saturday," gasped Janine. "Janine!" called Ray. "Come and order!" Janine sat down and then jerked a finger at the odd woman. "She says she's been here since Thursday," she said.

"Who says?" Ray replied, looking up. Janine pointed towards the table where the woman had been, but she had vanished.

Ray's eyes seemed to have glazed over and he sniffed the air.

"Say, is that spaghetti bolognese I can smell?"

"What kin ah get ya, honey?" the waitress broke in, note pad in hand. Janine looked at her, noting the long finger nails, wild hair and hooked nose, topped by blazing green eyes. The woman seemed to have forced herself into the waitress's uniform and it wasn't a good fit. "Bolognese is our special tiidaay, dears."

"Sounds good to me," said Ray. "I love bolognese!"

"I'll have a salad and a mineral water," Janine added. "It's too hot for hot food! By the way, what happened to

Guiseppe?"

"We don't do salads," hissed the waitress. "It's bolognese or nothing!"

"Have the bolognese, Janine," Ray urged, who now looked as though he'd been hypnotised. "You won't forget it!" Janine stood up. "There's something funny going on here," she snapped. "I think we should get back to HQ and tell the others."

"I don't think so, sugar," snarled the waitress. At that, the door of the cafe slammed shut and Janine heard an ancient key turn in the lock. The waitress seemed to shimmer and flicker like a TV picture gone wrong. "I knew this was going to be a mistake," said Janine, as the waitress turned into a one hundred percent genuine witch, complete with a hideous smile through cracked and browning teeth. "You've been invited to sup a witch's brew," laughed the hag, "I know you won't be disappointed! Guiseppe wasn't – he liked it so much he let me 'buy' the cafe! Now sit down and wait for your meal like a good little prisoner!" With that, the witch scurried back into the kitchen.

"Ray! Snap out of it!" Janine said, hitting the smiling, blank-faced Ghostbuster. "There's nothing wrong," Ray drawled. "The food is fine. Why don't we have another portion? There's plenty for all The Real Ghostbusters. Slimer too. Don't worry about that silly Ecto-Containment Chamber. Just sit here and relax."

"Brainwashed!" sniffed Janine. "I should have guessed." She thought hard and quickly before a smile crossed her face. All she had to do was wait until the witch came back with the food!

She didn't have to wait long. After a few loud bangs, a crackle and a squelchy sort of pop from the kitchen, the witch was back, two heaped platefuls of spaghetti bolognese in her hands.

"Enjoy your meal!" she cackled, and then screamed with laughter. Ray grinned back and started to dig in, while Janine eyed her plate suspiciously.

"Eat up, you ungrateful woman!" the witch snarled. "Or Mildew here will get very annoyed!" At that, the man in the heavy overcoat turned and looked hard at Janine. All she could see in the hood

were two burning red eyes.

"Well, I would eat it but it's not quite right," said Janine. "I like my spaghetti boiled for about twenty minutes, no more, no less, with a touch of paprika added for that extra twang. That's a spice, by the way." The witch looked furious.

"Don't tell me how to cook my own mind-sapping dishes!" she screeched. "I've been cooking them for over three hundred years!"

"Well, no wonder you haven't got many customers if this is what they're teaching at Witches Cookery School," Janine retorted. "This wouldn't keep a mouse under your control for five seconds. I've studied under experts you know, and spaghetti is always better with some paprika."

"There is NOTHING WRONG WITH MY SPAGHETTI!" screamed the witch.

"Well, it looks bad to me," Janine said. "Ray, I wouldn't eat any more. I don't think it's been cooked properly." Ray started to put his fork down and in a rage the witch grabbed it. "I'll show you!" she shouted, jabbing the fork into the plate of pasta and twirling it round. "You should definitely twirl it faster than that," said Janine, watching the witch carefully.

"Hah! I'll show you!" said the witch, swallowing the forkful of spaghetti. Then a strange, stupid look came over her face. "Uh oh," she said, and then "Esmerelda is yours to command," followed by – "That doesn't mean I didn't know you tricked me ... my, what a lovely day it is out there!"

"It will be even lovelier when you've brought Ray back to his senses, sent that red-eyed thing back to wherever it came from and brought Guiseppe back to the café," grinned Janine.

"Yes, honey, anything else?" whispered the witch, still chewing her spaghetti.

"Yes," said Janine. "Can you fix me a sandwich? I'm starving!"



# FOUL WEATHER FIEND

After a particularly hectic day, there was nothing that Janine wanted more than a nice hot bath, but unfortunately for Ms Melnitz there was nothing that this weather weirdo would rather do than let the North wind blow and freeze everything in her bathroom.

The Ghostbusters were soon called but the spirit had sprinted off to his next victim – the owner of a country mansion with a less than fruitful greenhouse. With a little help from the spook the plants were soon thriving in some glorious spooky sunshine and then he was off again, this time as a tornado terror heading straight for New York.

So The Real Ghostbusters took to the air in a rusty old plane and flew right into the eye of the storm, which was a pretty painful place for the hurricane horror to be hit in. The gusty ghost let out a cry of 'Arrrgghh' and the Ghostbusters let out a stream from their Proton Guns as they parachuted to the ground. Another ghost had been blown away.



# SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

LOVELEE  
COLOURING-IN  
PAGEY-WAGEY!!



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Six: The Counter-Clock Criminals are trying to destroy the world as we know it by controlling the moon, but will The Real Ghostbusters be able to stop them in time...?







THE SLUG'S JAMMED OUR PERSONAL TRANSPORTERS, BUT I'M STILL GETTING OUT!

CANDYGRAMS

EEEYAAAAA!

THE GRAVITY BEAM IS ON THE ROOF!

CHOO!

WE COULD HAVE LEARNED A LOT FROM HOW THAT WAS CONSTRUCTED.

BUT THE TECHNOLOGY IS JUST TOO DANGEROUS TO HAVE AROUND FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO STUMBLE ON.

THE SKY IS FULL OF SURPRISE TONIGHT.

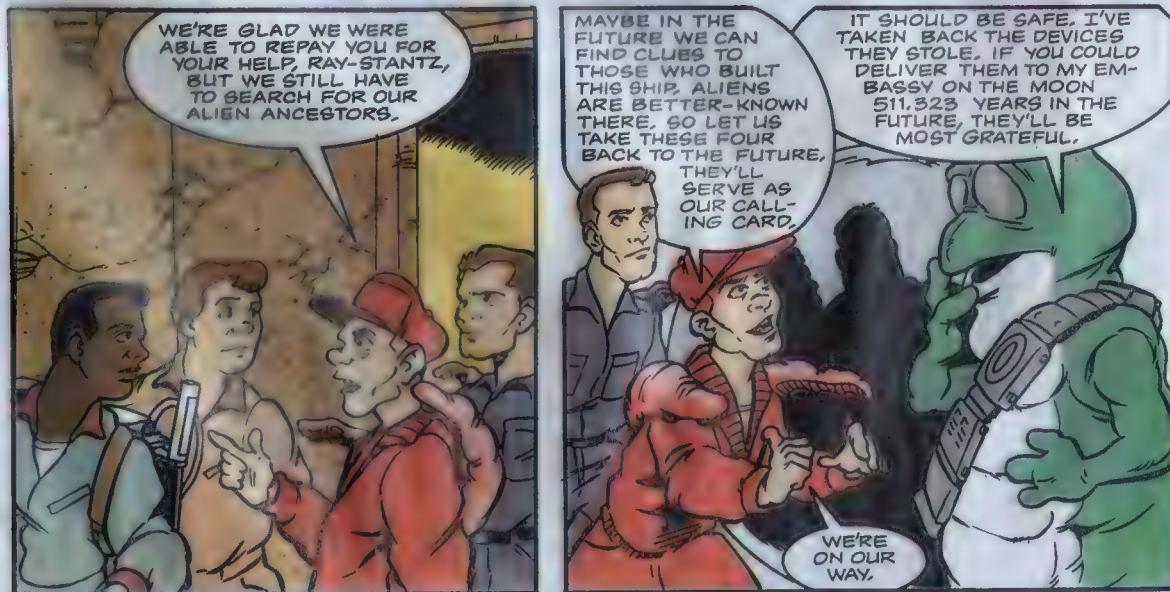
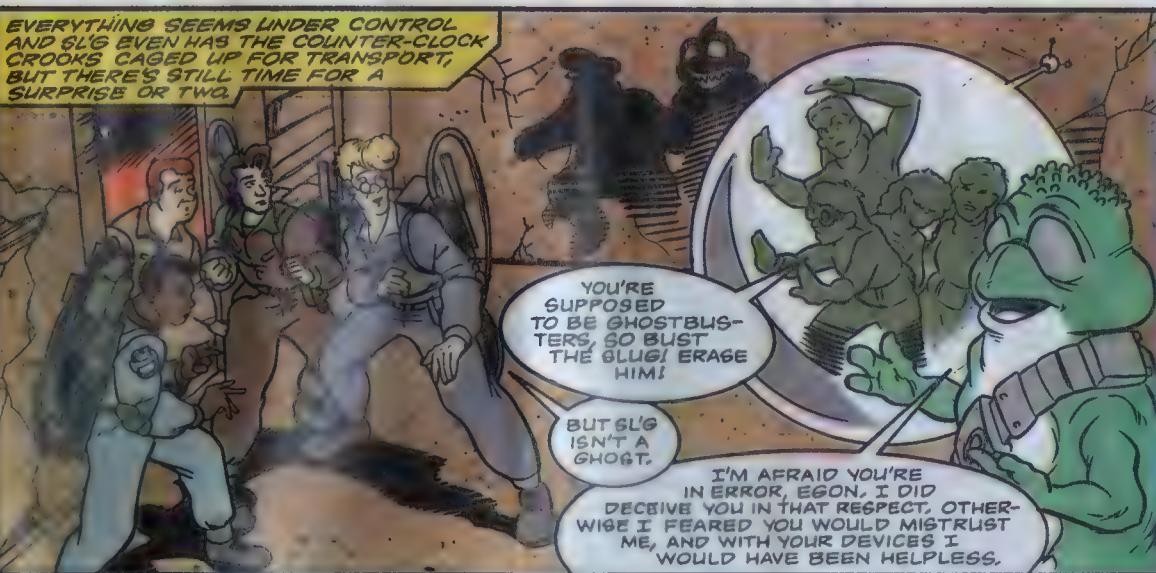
I KNEW YOU COULD TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, RAY. WE HAVE A LOT TO CATCH UP ON. THE MOON ALMOST HIT ROCHE'S LIMIT.

RAY! YOU'RE BACK! AND TO THINK I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU!

I KNOW, I NEVER DID ASK WHAT THAT ROCHE'S LIMIT EXACTLY WAS-- KNOWING IT WAS BAD WAS ENOUGH.

THAT'S SIMPLE, THAT'S WHEN THE PROXIMITY OF TWO BODIES EXCEEDS THE LIMITS OF THEIR GRAVITATIONAL ATTRACTION. SINCE THE MOON IS SMALLER, IT WOULD HAVE BROKEN UP AND THE EARTH WOULD HAVE SUFFERED GEOLOGIC UPHEAVALS. IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN DECADES TO RECAPTURE WHAT WE WOULD HAVE LOST.

I'M GLAD I DIDN'T KNOW. I HAVE TROUBLE WORKING UNDER PRESSURE.





# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your  
jokes! Send 'em  
to: SLIME TIME  
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How do you join Dracula's Fan Club?

*Send your name, address, age  
and blood group!*

— Wayne Denniston, Longford.

What is a skeleton's favourite dance?

*Shake, rattle and roll!*

— Lindsay Durham,  
Cumbernauld.

How do ghosts get to work in  
the morning?

*Ghost train*

Why did the turkey cross the  
road?

*It was the chicken's day off!*

Doctor, doctor, I can't get to  
sleep!

*Go to the end of your bed and  
you will soon drop off!*

— Anon

Doctor, doctor, I feel like a  
snooker ball!

*You just pushed in, so get to  
the end of the cue!*

— Jonathan Harton, Bucknell.

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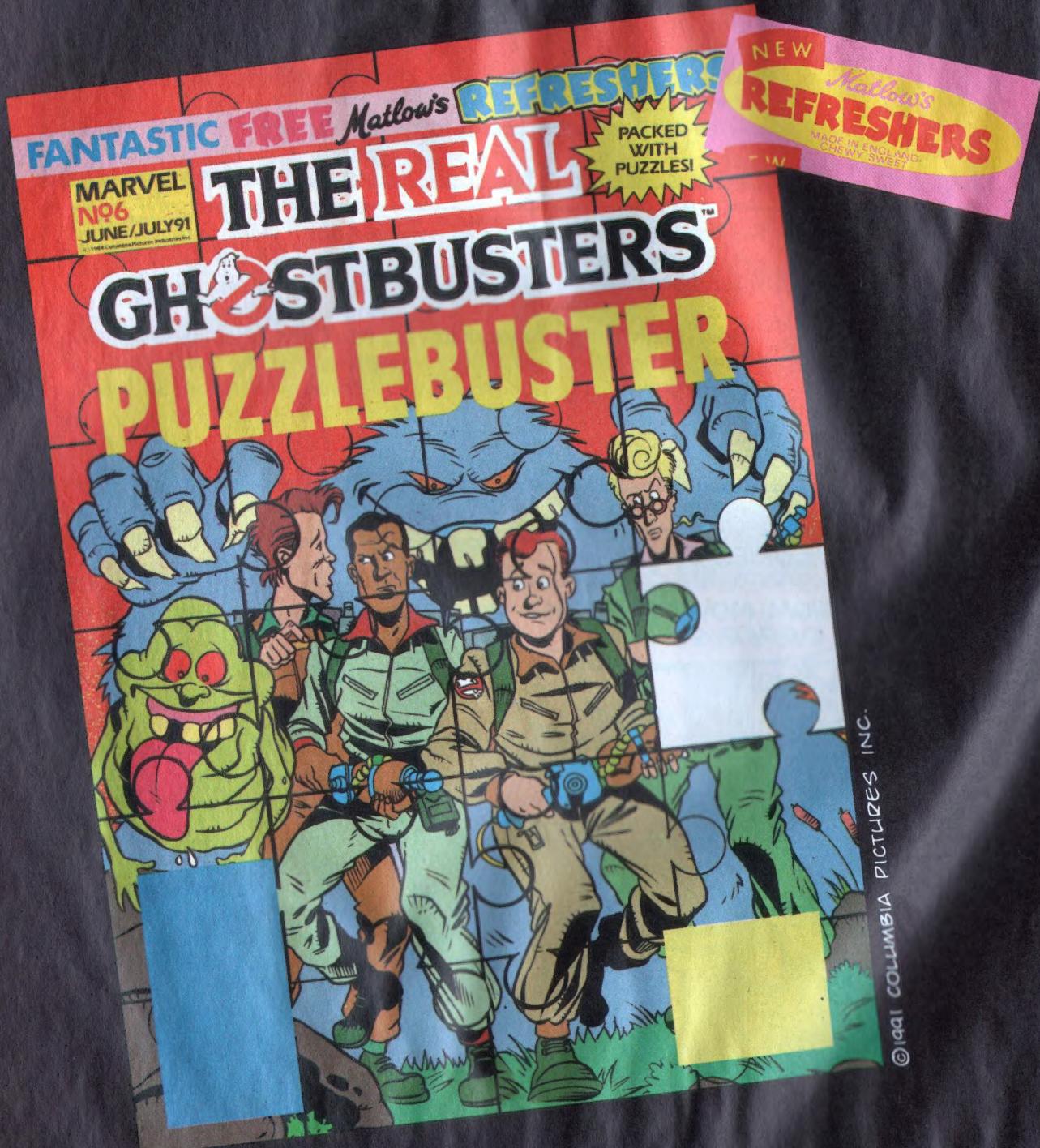
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SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR  
GUARDIAN

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# DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and  
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!  
Dare you read on?

In 1968, an American family living in England rented an old house near the coast. The Clarks ignored the rumours that the house was haunted, and as soon as they had moved in, started renovating and redesigning the interior. One of the jobs they undertook was to make a hatch in the wall between the kitchen and the living room.

The next night, Mr Clark was woken at about two o'clock by the sound of hammering downstairs. He stumbled down the stairs with a torch, and got the fright of his life when he saw the face of a haggard old man staring at him through the hole he had made in the kitchen wall! He demanded to know the identity of the intruder, and was even more shocked to be

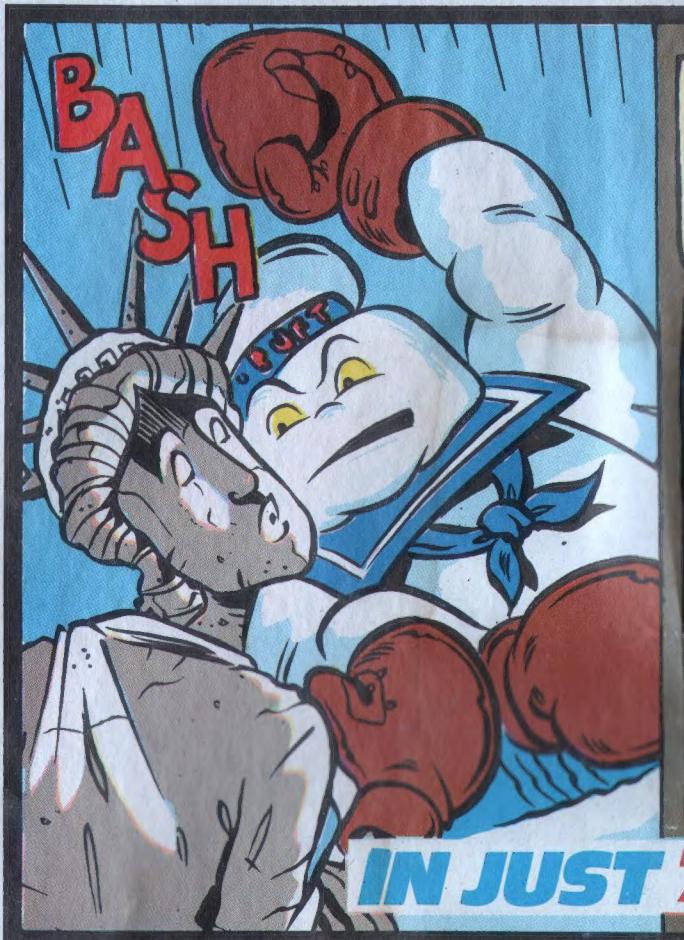
told, 'My name is John Aird. I was murdered in this house 465 years, 9 months and 3 days ago, and buried in the garden.' The voice was peculiar, as though it was inside Mr. Clark's own head, and he just stood there in stunned silence as the ghost went on to explain how he had met his grisly end. The spook said that he had lived in a nearby village, and while he was still alive had buried some gold in the cellar of his house. He said that his wife and children had never known what had happened to him, and that Mr. Clark had to go and dig up the gold and pass it on to the ghost's descendants, who lived in another town not far away. Mr. Clark was told that he would have no peace until he did as the ghost asked, and so he reluctantly agreed to meet the spook the

following night at the house where the gold was hidden.

The next day, the Clarks visited the house and told the present owners what had happened. They were astonished and agreed to help the Clarks find the gold and return it to its rightful owners. The four of them had dinner together, and at about eleven o'clock the ghost of John Aird knocked on the door!

After strained introductions had been made, the ghost led the two couples down to the cellar. He indicated a dark corner, and after much strenuous digging, a wooden chest was revealed. Inside were hundreds of gold coins! The ghost smiled, and told the astonished couples to take ten of the coins each, and give the rest to his descendants. Then he simply vanished into thin air, and was never seen again!





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of  
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vs.  
MR.  
STAY-PUFT



**IN JUST 7 DAYS**



BUT NO MATTER HOW YOUNG SLIMER IS, OR HOW OLD HE IS, HE WILL ALWAYS WANT TO STUFF HIS FACE WITH AS MUCH NOSH AS HE CAN LAY HIS SLIMY LITTLE HANDS ON!

